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THE

RURAL REPOSITORY,

OR

BOWER OF LITERATURE;

A SEMI-MONTHLY

LITERARY AND ENTERTAINING JOURNAL:

CONTAINING A VARIETY OF

ORIGINAL AND SELECT ARTICLES,

ARRANGED UNDER THE FOLLOWING HEADS:

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'We blend instruction with delight.'

VOL VI.—II. NEW SERIES.

HUDSON:

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POETRY.

FOR THE RURAL REPOSITORY.

THE DESPONDENT'S SONG.

Rudely gnaws the worm of anguish,
On the tendrils of this breast,
And my gloomy spirits languish,
Seeking, but not finding rest.
Life's a dream, a darkened vision,
Curtained deep, with pain and woe,
Filled with grief, despair, derision,
And to happiness a foe.

Gaily bloom, ye green-clad meadows,
Smoothly flow, ye pearly streams,
And reflect the tiny shadows,
Waving in the sun's bright beams.
Life's a dream, &c.

Blow, ye zephyrs, softly sighing,
Fan the sallow cheek of grief:
Bear the whispers of the dying,
Where despair may find rel[illegible]
Life's a dream, [illegible]

Though the green-cl[illegible] [illegible]rish.
Though the [illegible]
Yet *this* hea[illegible] [illegible]ish
Bitter [illegible] die.
[illegible]am, &c.

O [illegible] quick receive me,
[illegible] earth this hated form,
[illegible] load of woe relieve me,
[illegible]e me caterer for the worm.
Life's a dream, &c.

OSMAR.

FOR THE RURAL REPOSITORY.

AMERICA.

America! yes, 'tis the land of my birth,
And I would not this blessing surrender,
For all the bright diadems monarchs are worth,
Or aught that on earth they could tender.

I tread the loved ground, and I know it is free,
And the air—I love to inhale it!
My heart beats with love, dear Freedom, for thee,
And feels grateful to Him that hath made it.

Thy daughters, Columbia shall teach to their children,
That Freedom's a blessing and slavery a curse;
This shall be the first pieces, shall be the first lesson
That each little freeman receives from his nurse.

America! yes, thou'rt the land of my birth,
Here Freedom her altar hath made;
And ere slavery's chains shall encircle our earth,
In the tomb may thy daughters be laid.

CLARISSA.

FROM BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.

THE RECALL.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

Alas! the kind, the playful, and the gay
They who have gladden'd their domestic board,
And cheer'd the winter hearth—do THEY *return?*

JOANNA BAILLIE.

Come home!—there is a sorrowing breath
In music since ye went;
And the early flower-scents wander by,
With mournful memories blent:

The sounds of every household voice
Are grown more sad and deep,
And the sweet word—*Brother*—wakes a wish
To turn aside and weep.

O ye beloved, come home!—the hour
Of many a greeting tone,
The time of hearth-light and of song
Returns—and ye are gone!
And darkly, heavily it falls
On the forsaken room.
Burdening the heart with tenderness,
That deepens midst the gloom.

Where finds it *you* our wandering ones?
With all your boyhood's glee,
Untamed, beneath the desert's palm,
Or on the lone mid-sea?
Mid stormy hills of battles old,
Or where dark rivers foam?
Oh! Life is dim where ye are not—
Back, ye beloved! come home!

Come with the leaves and winds of spring,
And swift birds o'er the main!
Our love is grown too sorrowful,
Bring us its youth again!
Bring the glad tones to music back—
—Still, still your home is fair;
The spirit of your sunny life;
Alone is wanting there.

ENIGMAS.

"And justly the wise man thus preached to us all,
"Despise not the value of things that are small."

Answer to the PUZZLES *in our last.*

PUZZLE I.—Magnolia.
PUZZLE II.—Because it is drawn from a hogshead.

NEW PUZZLES.

I.

My first is on the rein-deer's head,
My second is a measure,
My total is a fav'rite dance
In which some take great pleasure.

II.

My first, is five-sixths of a Planet.—My second, will be found between the rising and setting sun.—My third crowns the day.—My fourth is a military station.—And my conjunction affords weekly, an intellectual repast.

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